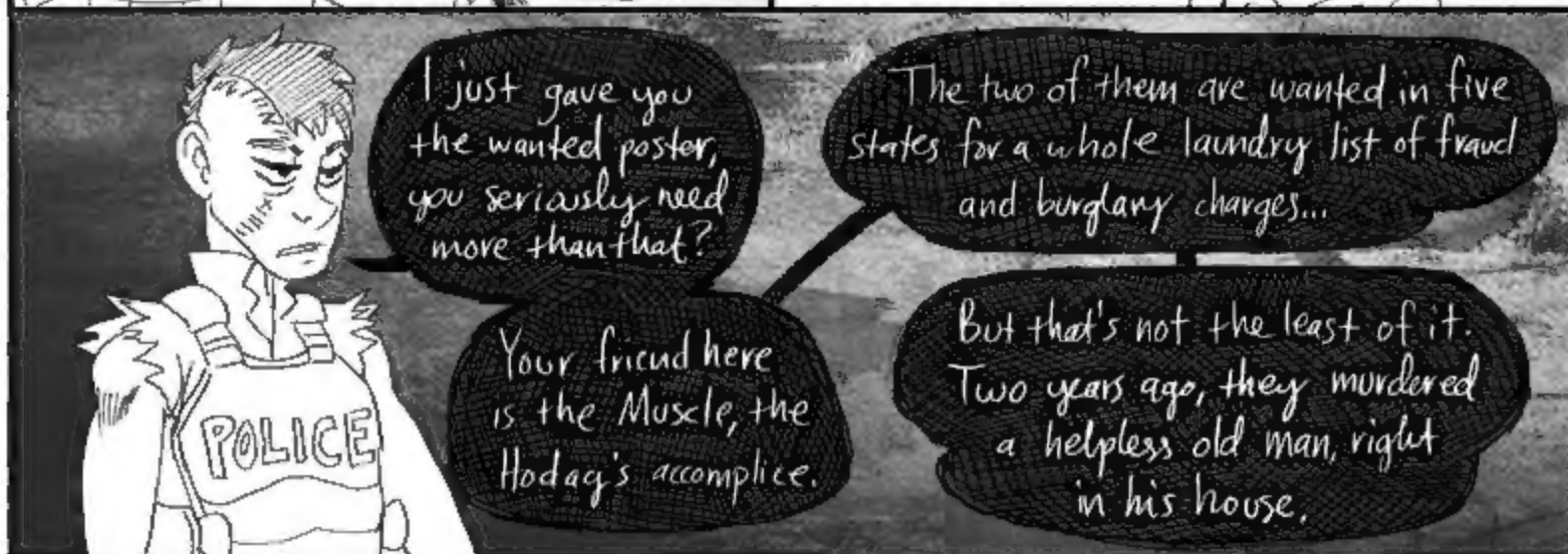


odd nauseam

Welcome to the International House of Fail! ~Epilogue~







What!! That's impossible!

There's something more going on here, I know it!!

Didn't you want to ask him HIS side of the story first? Huh??!

Is that gonna satisfy you, finally?



Sure, fine.

I certainly won't pass up the chance to lock a defendant into a statement...



step
step

step
step



Are you Cecil Chequamegon?

...Yes.



You have the right to remain silent, you understand that?

And that you have a right to an attorney?

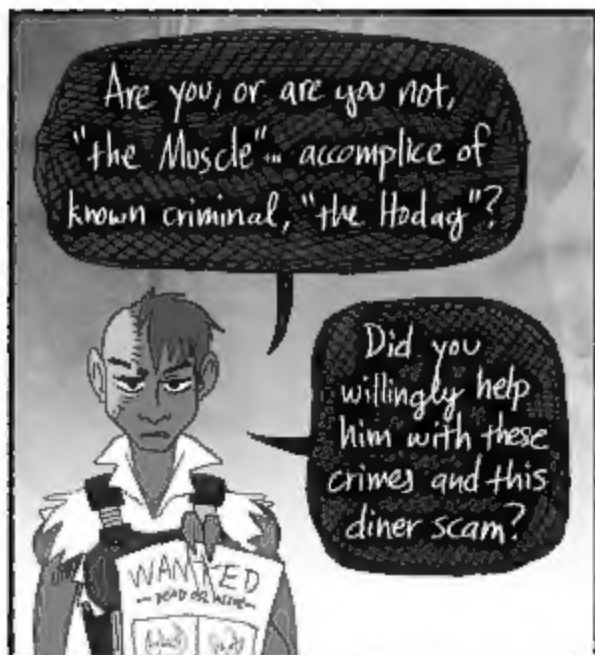
Yes...

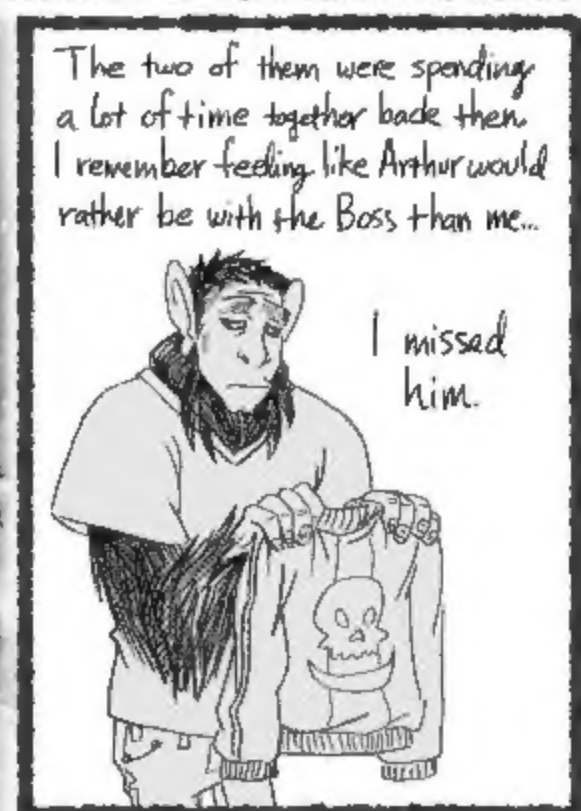
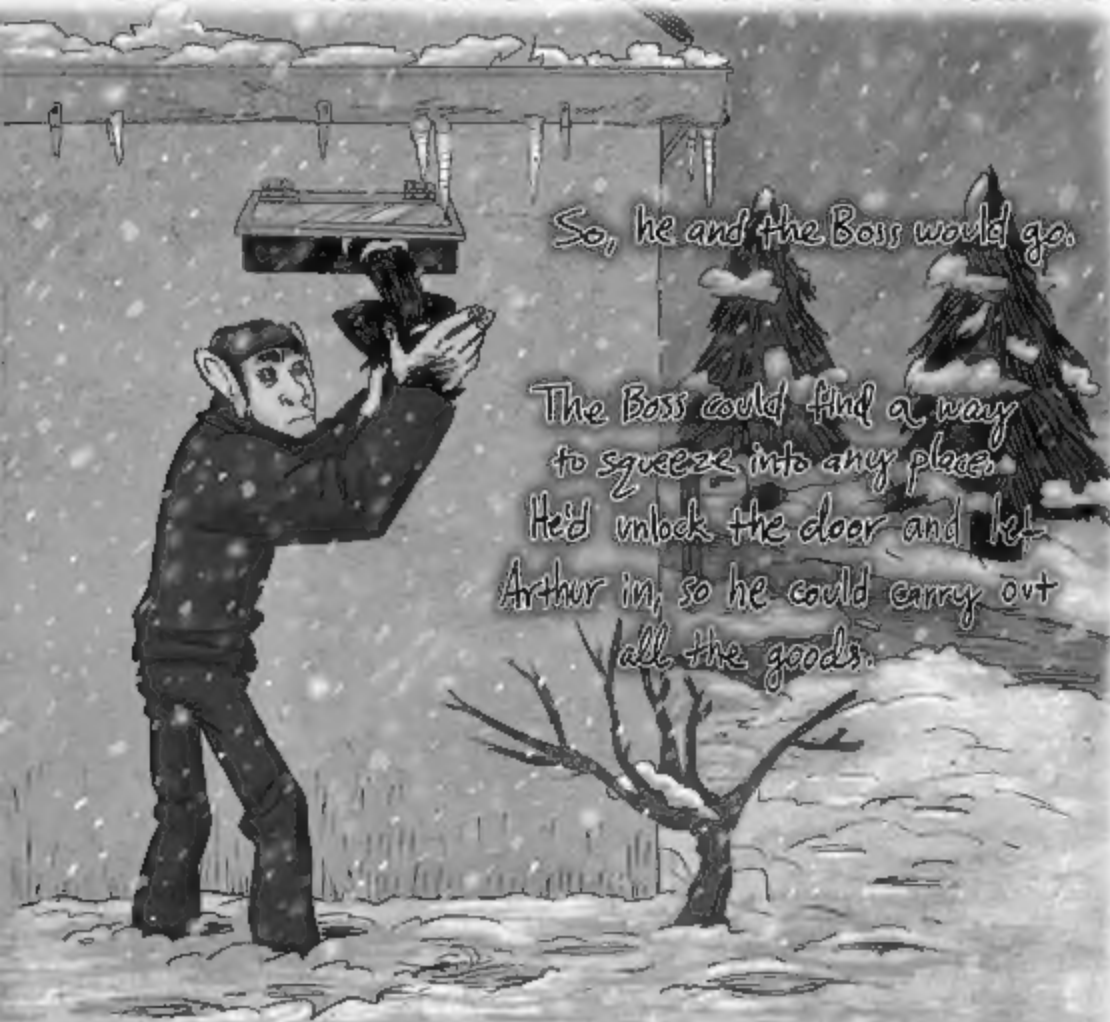
Yes.

Okay then.



Your pals here say you're an innocent guy. You wanna tell us a little about that, if it's true?





It was my jealousy that made everything go wrong.

Um... I want to come along to help with the job tonight.

The Boss gave me a hard time since I had refused earlier, but we all knew that if I went, it would mean twice as much loot.

Really?

Really?

The Boss decided we'd hit a home they'd been observing for a while now.

A rich, old vampire who lived in the middle of nowhere and went to bed early...

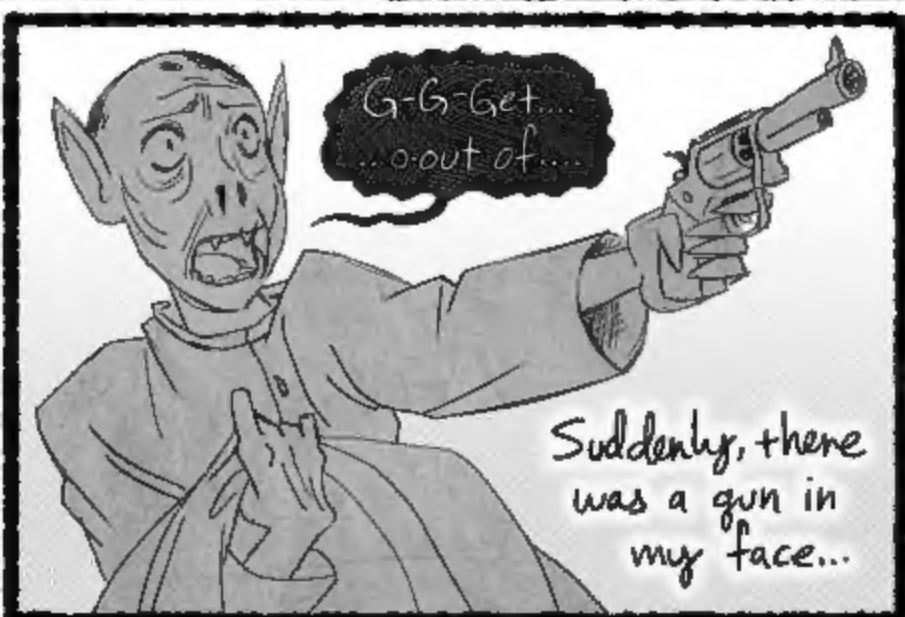
The perfect target...

step...

Git! Git! Stupid cats...

Sure enough, the old man was asleep in the living room...





It happened so fast...



A-Arthur!!!

We ran.

Just run before he wakes up
and sends the cops after us!!

W-what
happened?!

Things didn't get
crazy until a few
days after.



An 82 year old vampire was
declared dead today after
succumbing to injuries
retrieved from burglars
Monday night. In
conversations with police
before his death, the
victim described...

We debated what to do...

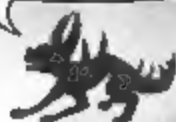
I was the
one who hit
him. I'll turn
myself in...

No, Arthur...! They'll kill you,
too!! B-Besides... I was the
one... who woke him up...

Neither of you are
saying shit!! I'm
NOT going back
to prison!!

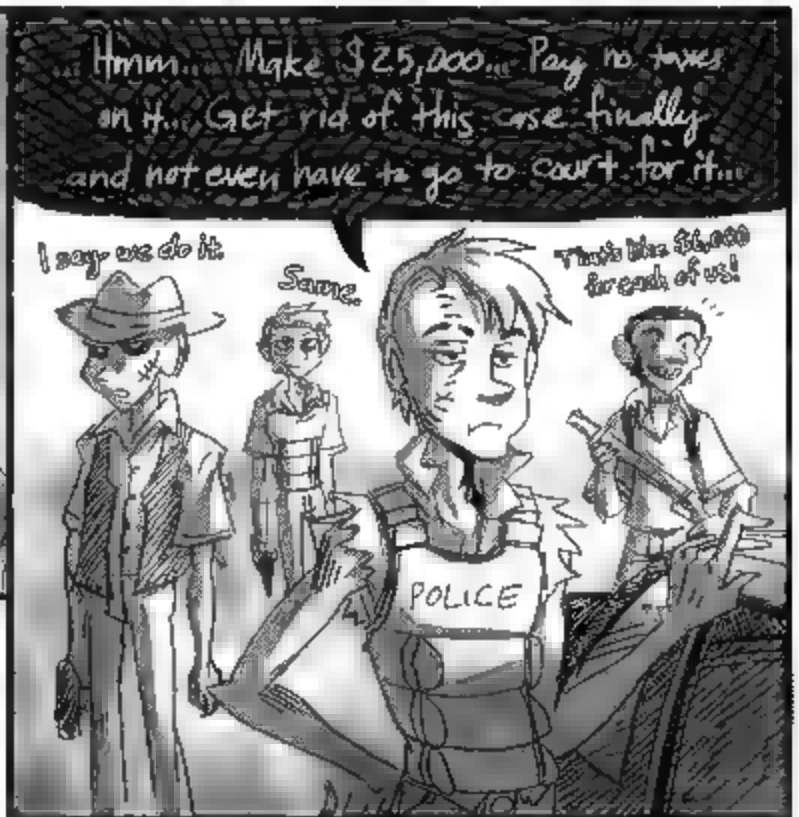
... eventually, we just
decided to run.

We'd head south and get
ourselves into Mexico.











What a bunch
of fresh bullshit
this is.

You there. Listen.

I have no idea what
kind of life you've had.
Maybe it has been that bad.
Maybe it does give you
some kind of excuse for
this life you've led...

But at this point it really
doesn't matter, does it?



You haven't exactly lied, because you haven't mentioned it...

But that's your brother's skeleton
in the janitor's closet, right?



Huh?

Sk...
Skeleton??...

That's what
I thought.



I'm not gonna sit here and listen to these two
barter away your fate for their own selfish reasons.

I don't give a damn whether you go to jail.

You wanna scam the world again, go ahead.
And maybe it'll be justified, like I said.

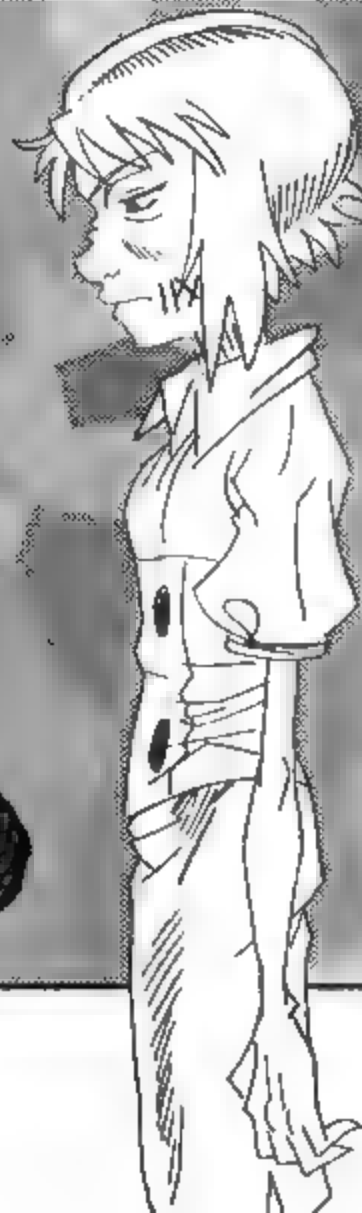
But I get the feeling it isn't
going to make you happy.



No... you've HATED living on the run.
The guilt's on your face, plain as day.

You need to ask yourself
what you want. You need to
ask yourself if you'll be happy
to continue your life like this
with the weight of three deaths
on your shoulders.

Because, if the answer is no...
this isn't salvation for you at all.





Greyjaw.....!!
What are
you doing?!

Inquiring into
what he actually
wants to do.
Unlike you two.

You're telling him
to go on ahead to
JAIL!



Are you
CRAZY?!
I don't get
you at
ALL!!!!

No,
you're
right,
ma'am.



I don't want to do this
anymore. Please, take me
away.

Cecil.....!!

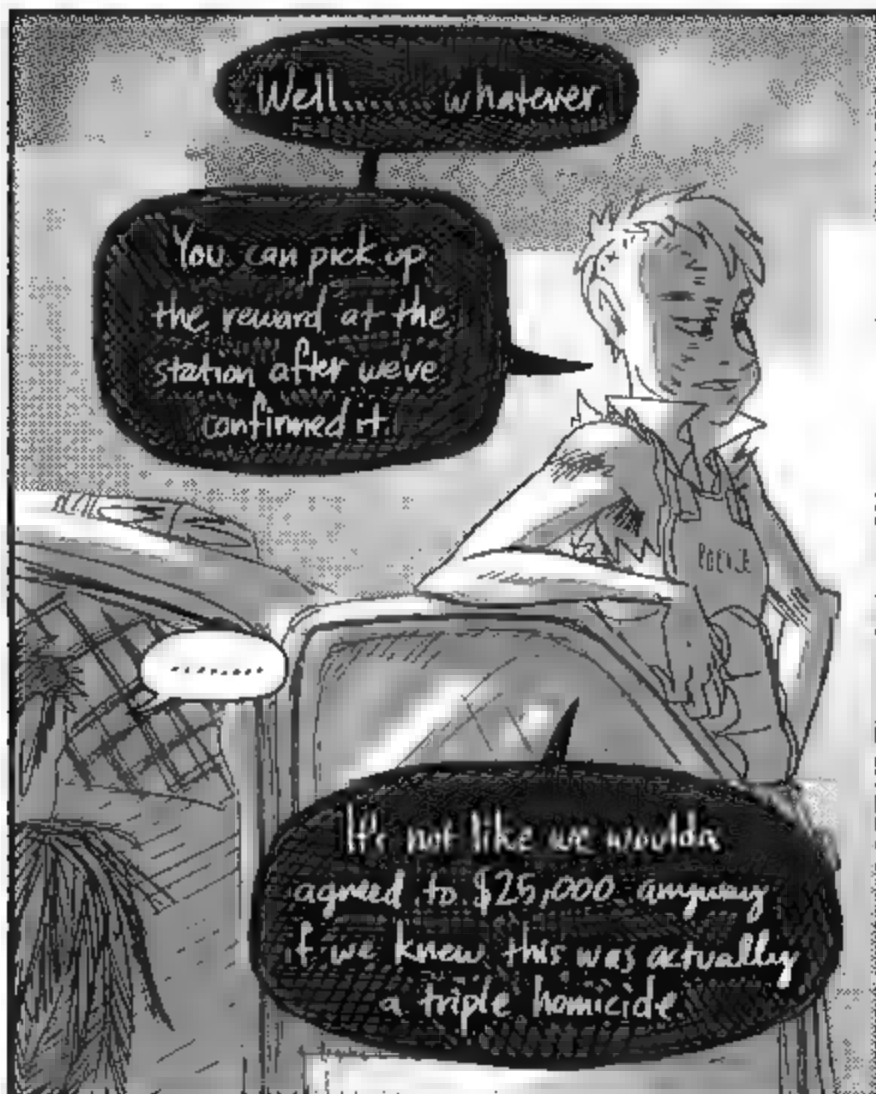


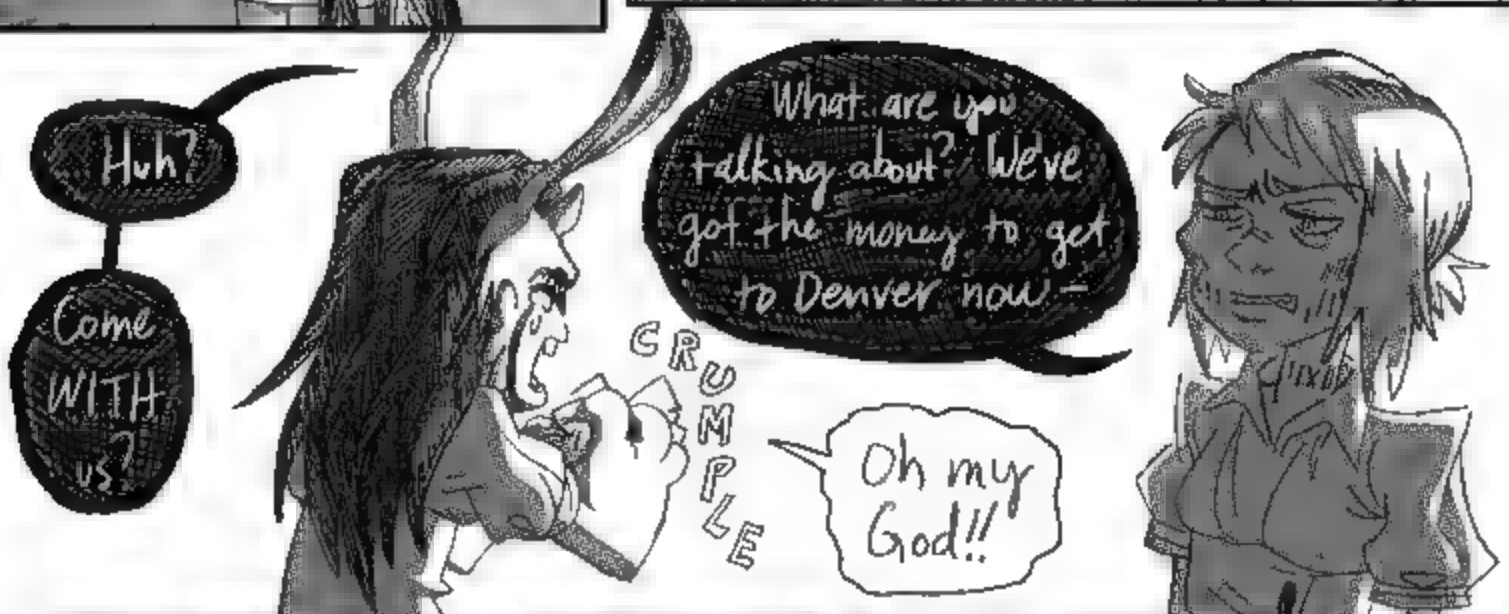
From the beginning,
Arthur had wanted to
turn himself in.
But we wouldn't let
him... Both the
boss, and me.

I thought I was
helping him by
convincing him not
to go, but I was
only being
selfish.

I didn't want him
to go away...
I didn't want him
to leave me.

Arthur.....









What ..
What should we
do now?

.... Find a new place
for pancakes?

It's not gonna
be the same...

SNIFF

SNIFF?



GUYS!!

I know what
we can do!
Let's hire Cindy...

A
LAWYER!!



yep!

I saw that on
TV, too!

WHOA

yep!

A lawyer
can help!



She was mad at me
the entire way home.

She wouldn't say
a single thing to me.





